Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their amorous rights,
And by their owne beauties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maidenhoods,
Hood my vnmand blood bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
VVhiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackbrowd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords,

And she bring newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what ne
Nur. A weladay, hee
We are vndone Lady, v
A lacke the day, hees is
Iu. Can heauen be s
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot
Who euer would haue
Iu. What diuell art th
This torture should be
Hath *Romeo* slaine hims
And that bare vowell I
Then the death-dartin
I am not I, if there be su
Or those eyes shot, that
If he be slaine say I, or i
Briefe, sounds, determi
Nur. I saw the woun
God saue the marke, he
A piteous coarse, a bloo
Pale, pale as ashes, all b
All in gore blood, I sou
Iu. O breake my hear
To prison eyes, nere loo
Vile earth to earth resig
And thou and *Romeo* pre
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tyba*
O curteous *Tybalt* hone
That euer I should liue t
Iu. VVhat storme is
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? an
My dear st Cozen, and
Then dreadfull Trumpe
For who is liuing, if tho

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3